

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X. FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 8.

Text of the Lesson, 1 Sam. xvii, 38-51.
Memory Verses, 44, 45—Golden Text,
1 Sam. xvii, 47—Commentary by the
Rev. D. M. Stearns.

38. "And Saul armed David with his armor." In the intervening verses since last lesson we saw David refreshing Saul with his harp, greatly loved by him, having been his armor bearer (chapter xvi, 21, 23). He afterward returned to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem (xvii, 15). The R. V. says that he went to and fro between Saul and Bethlehem. But now the armies of Israel and of the Philistines are face to face, and the hosts of Israel are defied by the giant, Goliath of Gath. David, having come from home to see how his brethren fared and observing how the God of Israel was being dishonored, offered to fight and conquer the giant. Saul, hearing his story of trust in the Lord (verses 34 to 37), accepts his offer and clothes him with his armor.

39. "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them." Everything like natural strength or human help is apt to prove a hindrance in the Lord's work. If it was to be a test between flesh and flesh, armor and armor, Saul, who was head and shoulders above the people, should have gone forth to meet Goliath. David is but a shepherd youth, and if God will work through him it must be apart from human devices.

40. "And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook." Being a shepherd, he went forth as such in his true character. Moses went from keeping sheep to conquer Pharaoh. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the good and great shepherd who will yet humble all. His flock, the church, should have gone forth to meet Goliath. David is but a shepherd youth, and if God will work through him it must be apart from human devices.

41, 42. "When the Philistine looked about and saw David, he disdained him." They drew nigh to each other, the mighty man of flesh with his armor bearer before him, and the ruddy youth of fair countenance with no armor and no visible companion. The many thousands of Israel and of the Philistines looked on in wonder, but there were unseen hosts looking on, too, and the Lord Himself was there, but not with the Philistine.

43, 44. "The Philistine cursed David by his gods." The flesh disdains the spirit and mocks as when Ishmael mocked Isaac. But the carnal mind knows not the Lord. Consider these two upon whom both earth and heaven were now intensely gazing. The Philistine, 9 feet 6 inches high, with armor weighing over 200 pounds, a spear with a shaft like a weaver's beam and a head weighing about 20 pounds, and an attendant to bear his shield; David, a youth in a shepherd's dress, alone, with but his staff and sling. The Philistine strong in his own might and cursing as he came; David in reliance upon the Lord and with a prayerful heart.

45. "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." Goliath represented himself, but David represented God. As truly as Jesus Christ represented the Father when He was here on earth in a mortal body, and the Father spoke through Him, and wrought through Him; so we like David and Moses and Joshua and Gideon and the apostles, may and should represent the Lord Jesus and the Father in our mortal bodies. A whole hearted yielding to Him, and relying upon Him, with no aim but to honor Him will demonstrate (Jer. xxiii, 3).

46. "That all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel." Seeking nothing for himself, but only to magnify Jehovah and lift His name up to the reproach resting upon it, David went forth with his heart stayed upon Him who had delivered him from the lion and the bear. Could our churches get rid of the ambition to magnify themselves and their denominations, and live only to magnify the Lord, they would soon see His power on their behalf (11 Chron. xvi, 9).

47. "The battle is the Lord's." See also 11 Chron. xxx, 16. It is not sword or spear, but the Lord who will work. Victory by might or by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts (Zech. iv, 6). Consider the passage through the Red sea, and the Jordan, as well as the deliverance from Egypt. Consider the walls of Jericho also, and let us, like Moses and Joshua, put off our shoes and keep them off, lest we hinder the Lord of Hosts by thinking that the work is ours and by making suggestions to Him as to how things ought to be done. Oh, to keep our hands off and stop attempting to steer the ark. We must also studiously avoid all the "new cart" business.

48, 49. "David hated and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine." The crisis is on; all eyes are upon these two men. What an exciting moment! A stone is quickly in David's sling, swiftly it flies around his head and is on its way with unerring aim to its destination. It strikes the giant on the forehead, sinks into his head, and he falls upon his back to the earth. David is victor—no, the Lord of Hosts is the victor, and little David is the happy vessel used by God, because his aim was to magnify Jehovah.

50. "So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone." God chooses weak things and things which are not to flesh may glory in His presence. When Nehemiah finished the wall with the aid of the merchants and goldsmiths and apothecaries and women, it is written that "his enemies perceived that the work was wrought of God" (Neh. vi, 16). Had the workmen been well skilled in the art of building stone walls, then they would have had the credit. Had David been a mighty man and warrior he might have had the credit, but now it is clearly of God, and Israel is rebuked for her lack of faith in Him.

51. Slain by the stone from David's sling, David now takes the giant's own sword and cuts off his head and brings it in his hand to Saul. The Philistines flee, Israel pursues, and there is a great victory for the Lord hath done it. Let us become skillful in using the stones from the brook, the precious things from the word of God, for nothing will bring down the giants of pride and blasphemy like the word of God given forth in His name.

Mouth Waters.

Mouth waters are worth recommending, says a Paris physician. Aside from their agreeable odors and the sweet taste they put in the mouth, they have hygienic properties that give them dental value. There are orchid, orange, clove, wintergreen, lemon, vanilla and other scents. The lotions are strong, and a few drops in a tumbler of water will, as the French say, fumigate the whole inside mouth.

LIONS IN THE HOUSE.

SPEAKER REED IS OF COURSE THE CHIEF ATTRACTION.

Passing Show of Statesmen—Veterans of the Senate—The Democratic Triumvirate, Hill, Brice and Gorman—An Avowed Presidential Candidate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—[Special.]—Again we have congress on our hands. In the house the Republican majority is so large that no very exciting scenes are anticipated, while in the senate everything moves along in the lazy, sluggish way characteristic of that body. Of course Mr. Reed, the new speaker, is the hero of the hour. Every one wants to see him, and all the occupants of the crowded galleries crane their necks and jostle for position that they may the better study the smooth face of the great man from Maine. It is conceded by every one that Mr. Reed has most difficult role to play this winter. It is not often that an avowed candidate for the presidency puts himself in position where on the eve of the battle he is almost directly and personally responsible for the attitude of his party in congress. This is a tremendous responsibility, and any one but a bold man, possessing ample confidence, would hesitate to assume it. Yet as Reed ascends to the chair where some of the greatest battles of his life were fought nearly six years ago he looks every inch the self possessed, well balanced, strong and confident man his friends love to think him.

Those Who Were.

In the hall of the house, as the members gather, many faces are missed. Chief among these is that of Judge Holman, who for a third of a century has been seen every opening day, with two or three exceptions, in his accustomed place. To some of the old timers about the capitol it seems almost impossible to have a congress without Judge Holman and his "I object." Charles O'Neill, the veteran from Philadelphia, is missed, too, and an aching void is seen in that part of the hall where Dick Bland, the combative and loyal champion of silver, always had his seat. Mr. Springer and his red boutonniere, which for 20 years graced the floor at the right of the speaker's desk, is seen no more. Jerry Simpson is missed by many who had learned to like the sockless statesman for his frank manners and never failing good humor.

Those Who Are.

But in the passing show of statesmen and the kaleidoscope of life and death and political ups and downs popular interest attaches always to those who are or may be, and not to those who were. It is with the living and the ambitious that the public mind is engaged today. After Reed the most observed man in the hall perhaps is Mr. Payne of New York. As one of the new speaker's chief lieutenants it is conceded he has a great future before him. With the friendship of Reed, the political backing of Tom Platt and his high place in the house, he will make his way if there is good stuff in him, and no one doubts that there is. Other lions in the popular eyes are Joe Cannon, the man who swings his arms so mightily in debate, and who is really one of the shrewdest men that ever stood on the floor of the national house; Boutwell of Maine, who has a tremendous voice and a fondness for making the men on the other side of the hall exceedingly angry; Dingley of the same state; bluff, frank Walker, the wealthy shoe manufacturer of Massachusetts, who is the Republican leader and spokesman on matters of finance, which are sure to attract so much attention at this session; Mr. Hitt of Illinois, looking well after his long and dangerous illness, the polished diplomatist, experienced in many capitals, who is to lead the foreign affairs committee at a session which is expected to be replete with foreign sensations and difficulties; the patriarchal Grosvener of Ohio, who is in the house looked upon as the special representative of the McKinley presidential interests and ready to protect them whenever the game of politics gets interesting; General Curtis, the giant from New York, who carries his wounds, his years and his stature with much grace; young and eloquent Dooliver of Iowa, whose bride, already popular in Washington society, is in the gallery for her first taste of congressional scenes; and Dave Henderson of Iowa, one of the veterans, now happily rid of the evil effects of a war wound which has bothered him for a quarter of a century.

Those Who May Be.

On the Democratic side, of course, ex-Speaker Crisp is the chief personality. After two terms in the chair he looks out of place on the floor, but there is a flash in his eye which indicates a determination to make things lively before the winter is over. John Allen, the funny man from Tupelo, Miss., is on hand with a stock of new jokes. There is no more interesting figure on the Democratic side than that of Judge Calhoun of Texas, with his massive head and shaggy hair. Great as his career has been, powerful as he has proved himself in the legislative councils of his country, I hear men in the gallery about me pointing to him as the father of the young governor of the Lone Star State who knocked out the prize fighters in one round. Such is fame. Benton McMillin of Tennessee is here again, smiling as usual, and prepared to defend the Democratic position from everything that the opposition, including the third term, Young Bull of Texas, no longer the boy of the house, but still wearing his embroidered shirt front, is picked out by the ladies in the galleries as the handsomest man on the floor. Young George B. McClellan of New York, one of the brightest of all the Tammany representatives, is asked for by the curious on his father's account.

At the senate end of the capitol the crowd is quite as great. There is a great desire to see Hill, Brice and Gorman, the Democratic triumvirate which was the victim, directly or indirectly, of last month's elections. If the people in the galleries expected to see these statesmen wearing long faces and disporting themselves in sackcloth and ashes, they must be greatly disappointed, for Mr. Gorman is as smiling as usual, as crafty and superior, while Mr. Brice, with his red carnation, matching the color of his hair, is active and self confident.

The veterans of the senate, Sherman and Morrill, are in their old places. Mr. Sherman's face is long and dull. Age and cares are telling fast upon him. Mr. Morrill, the oldest man in the senate, is quite infirm, but his eye lights up with genuine interest when there is a particularly noteworthy incident on the floor. Mr. Allison, always popular, is now more in demand than any other man on the Republican side. He looks surprisingly young and well kept. He is even sleek. A great many people in and about the senate chamber think Mr. Allison the coming man. He is the only avowed presidential candidate on the floor of the senate.

WALTER WELLMAN.

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

Scenes at Hatcher's Creek and Petersburg Recalled.

John B. Scace Speaks to a Reporter of Stirring Scenes—Escaped with a Slight Wound, but, Like Other Veterans, Has Suffered Since—A Story that Reads Like a Page from History.

From the Albany, N. Y., Journal.

When one encounters in print the life story of some scarred veteran of the civil war a feeling of admiration and sympathy is the certain result. Accustomed though we are to tales of heroism and suffering in everyday life, there is something peculiarly attractive about these old war records, serving, as they do, as a sacred passport to the heart of every true American. Thousands found their rest on the field of carnage or in the hospital, but their comrades, when the struggle was over and the victory won, returned to their homes and began anew the battle of life.

John B. Scace, the widely known contractor and building mover of Albany, N. Y., has had an unusually interesting life, and when seen by a reporter recently at his home, No. 15 Bradford street, told of his many experiences and adventures while serving under the old flag in the late war. Although having endured all the hardships and privations of life in the ranks, Mr. Scace bears his more than half century of years with an elastic step and a keen mind, taking an active interest in private and public affairs.

While still a boy, his family moved from Albany, his birthplace, to Pittsfield, Mass., and here he was educated. He mastered the carpenter's trade, became a member of Berkshire Lodge, No. 52, I. O. O. F., and was entering upon a successful business life when the call from Washington for men. All over the country the word spread, and excitement ran high. All the old-time patriots that had made Massachusetts famous in Revolutionary days were fired to its utmost. Every town and village sent out its squad or company.

The company in which Mr. Scace enlisted in September of 1862, as a private, became Company A, Forty-ninth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. Under the common impression that the war would be one of but short duration, the men were enlisted for nine months only. Scarcely were they uniformed and armed before they were ordered to the front. The regiment, which at the time was under the command of Col. W. F. Bartlett, served in the First Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Corps, and participated in some of the hottest battles of the great rebellion.

Mr. Scace, at the time, was but twenty-two years of age, and he remembers well with what a beating heart he first fell in line. His regiment was ordered South, directly through the enemy's country, with Baton Rouge as the objective point. After several months of weary marches, during which Company A passed through several lively skirmishes with the enemy constantly hovering about the flanks and rear, the capital city of Louisiana was reached. An evacuation followed. Citizens and the rebel soldiery stationed in the city fled like frightened sheep, leaving behind them what goods they could carry and setting torch to the rest. The beautiful capitol building, which had been converted into a war prison, had also been fired, and the boys in blue swarmed in, just in time to see their captive comrades perishing in the flames. Mr. Scace, who had been, while on camp, promoted to corporal, was in the thickest of the melee, and describes the scenes in a graphic manner. Although the city had fallen almost without a blow given or received, a fight was not far off, for word was received that a large force of the enemy was fast approaching.

A bloody battle ensued at Plain Store, a few days' march out of the capital, in which Corporal Scace was severely wounded. A minnie ball struck his left thigh and, grazing the bone, narrowly missed the great artery. He was retired to the camp at Baton Rouge, but recuperated so rapidly that he entered, soon after, again into active service. The battles of Port Hudson and Donaldsonville followed, with all their thrilling episodes.

It was not long after this that, by reason of the expiration of his term of enlistment, he was honorably discharged. His service was not a long one, however, for he soon afterward re-enlisted, to serve for the remainder of the war. For meritorious action he had been raised to the sergeant's stripes, and as such served in Company A, Sixty-first Regiment,

Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, under Col. Charles F. Walcott. During the term of his re-enlistment Sergeant Scace participated in some of the hottest struggles of the war. Many a gray-haired veteran to-day recalls the scenes of Hatcher's Run, the fall of Petersburg and the battle of Sailor's Creek.

After his honorable discharge, June 4, 1865, Mr. Scace returned to Albany and settled down once again to his business and social interests. He has resided in the city ever since. It would seem that now, of all times, his peace and happiness would have been uninterrupted. Such was not, however, the case, for four years ago, while engaged in superintending the raising of the immense smokestack of the Albany Electric power house, the lever of a loosened windlass struck him a heavy blow across the back. The effect of the blow was now as well as then, apparent, he being able to leave his bed in a few days. But the worst was to follow, for without warning he was seized with sciatic rheumatism in all its virulence. Untold agony

Said Mr. Scace, "I could not sleep for the pain. No one will know the tortures the rheumatism gave me. I don't know how I lived during those days. I became little more than a skeleton, and it seemed like life didn't have anything but suffering in it. Cures? I tried every so-called rheumatic cure that was ever invented. I gave all of them a good trial before I stopped taking them. My friends and neighbors recommended remedies after remedy that they heard of, but my rheumatism went on just the same. Well, after I had almost had the life tortured out of me, I came across a newspaper account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I thought I might as well add another name to the list as not, so I ordered some of my drugist.

"I tell you, I was glad in those days to hear of anything that could give me any hope at all. I got them there before I had taken two boxes, that pain began to leave me. Why I couldn't understand it. I couldn't imagine myself being cured. But before I had taken a half-dozen of those boxes I was cured. The suffering which had made my life almost unbearable for so long had disappeared. I was a new man.

"I began to get strong. I picked up in flesh, and I went back to my business with all the vigor and vim of a young man. I think everyone who knows me will tell you what it did for me. Pink Pills is the greatest medicine ever discovered, and if my recommendation will do it any good I want you to use it. I hope others will hear of it, and be benefited as I have been. Everyone should hear of it. I can't say too much for them." Mr. Scace exclaimed enthusiastically in conclusion.

This is but one of the many cases in which Pink Pills have taken such a beneficial part in the history of humanity.

Mr. Scace is now enjoying the fruits of an unusually large business, managed solely by himself, and covering almost the entire eastern portion of the State. Mr. Scace is also an ivory carver of marked ability, which he follows solely for his own pleasure. Many little trinkets, carved by the light of the camp-fire, attest his skill in this direction.

From being so weak and recommending the curative which had taken such a load of misery from his life, in his gratitude his praise for its unstinted and unceasing. And from his own statements one may easily see that when he does cease to sing its virtues, it will be to attest the last mystery in.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as leucoderma, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatitis, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in man or woman. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. They are never sold in bulk or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Scientifically, N. Y.

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CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JULY 15, 1894.

TRAINS GOING EAST FROM LAWTON.

Atlantic Express	3 30 a m
Freight	7 35 a m
Mail	11 18 a m
East Eastern Express	1 34 p m
Chicago & Kalamazoo Accommodation	5 35 p m

TRAINS GOING WEST FROM LAWTON.

Chicago Night Express	4 24 a m
Kalamazoo & Chicago Accommodation	6 20 a m
Mail	1 34 p m
Freight	3 25 p m
Fast Western Express	5 31 p m

Stop only for passengers to get on and off.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

(ORDER OF PUBLICATION.—State of Michigan, The Circuit Court for Van Buren County.)

Eliza J. Church, plaintiff, vs. Michael Dorgan, Forrest Campbell, Burt Wheeler and John McGrady, defendants.

To the above named defendant, John McGrady: Take Notice—In pursuance of an order of Hon. George M. Buick, Circuit Judge, now on file in the above entitled cause, the examination and deposition of said plaintiff as a witness in her own behalf in said cause, will be taken by and before Owen W. Rowland, circuit court commissioner in and for said county, on Saturday, the 14th day of December, 1895, at one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the residence of said defendant, Michael Dorgan, in township 34 north, range 16 west, in the 18th day of February, and on Monday, the 17th day of February, and on Monday, the 18th day of February, to be used in evidence on the trial of said cause.

ANDERSON & CHASE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

2313025

PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING FINAL ACCOUNT.—State of Michigan, County of Van Buren—ss. Probate Court for said County.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, on the 3d day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Kate Donovan, deceased.

Judson J. Moore, as administrator of said estate, came into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such administrator and files the same.

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 30th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said account, and that all persons interested in said estate be required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be allowed.

And it is further ordered that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the True Northernmer, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Van Buren, for three consecutive weeks at least previous to said day of hearing.

BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

244027

ORDER FOR HEARING CLAIMS.—State of Michigan, County of Van Buren—ss. Notice is hereby given that by an order of the Probate Court, at the Probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, for examination and allowance on or before the 18th day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the 17th day of February, and on Monday, the 18th day of February, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated November 11th, A. D. 1895.

2115025 BENJ. F. HECKERT, Judge of Probate.

LEGAL NOTICES

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, made and executed by Charles H. Kitchin and Annals J. Kitchin to Mary S. Snow, dated October 12th, 1891, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Van Buren, Michigan, on the 13th day of October, 1891, in Liber 40 of mortgages, on page 306, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due the sum of sixty-seven dollars and ninety-five cents, and also the further sum of fifteen dollars, provided a reasonable attorney fee for the foreclosure of said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Notice is therefore, hereby given, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the statute in such case made and provided, that on Tuesday, the 26th day of January, A. D. 1896, at one o'clock in the afternoon, (local time) at north of the Court House, in the village of Paw Paw, in said county of Van Buren and state of Michigan, (that being the place where the Circuit Court for the county of Van Buren is held) there will be sold, at public auction, to the highest bidder, subject to the said mortgage, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, with interest thereon at the rate of seven per cent per annum, and all legal costs, charges and expenses, and the balance, if allowed by law; said premises being described in said mortgage as all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in township of Covert, in the county of Van Buren and state of Michigan, as follows, to-wit: The north-west quarter of the north-west quarter of section fifteen, in township number two south, and in range sixteen west, containing forty acres of land, be the same more or less.

Dated, October 24th, 1895.

211430130 MARY S. SNOW, Mortgagee.

WM. P. TRAPHAGEN, Atty for Mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, made and executed by Charles H. Kitchin and Annals J. Kitchin to Mary S. Snow, dated October 12th, 1891, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Van Buren, Michigan, on the 13th day of October, 1891, in Liber 40 of mortgages, on page 306, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due the sum of sixty-seven dollars and ninety-five cents, and also the further sum of fifteen dollars, provided a reasonable attorney fee for the foreclosure of said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

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Dated, October 24th, 1895.

211430130 MARY S. SNOW, Mortgagee.

WM. P. TRAPHAGEN, Atty for Mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage bearing date the 11th day of December, A. D. 1889, executed by Jasper L. Thompson (a single man) of Keeler, Van Buren County, Michigan, to George E. Breck, which said mortgage was on the 11th day of December, A. D. 1889, filed for record in the office of the Register of Deeds for said county of Van Buren, Michigan, and by said register duly recorded in Liber 41 of mortgages, on page 325, and on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of six hundred and eighty-eight dollars and eighty-six cents, (\$688.86), with interest and cost of this proceeding from this date, to be added, and no suit at law or proceeding in equity having been instituted to recover the amount due on said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and the statutes in such cases made and provided, I shall, on Saturday, the 8th day of February, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the north front door of the court house for the county of Van Buren, Michigan, in the village of Paw Paw, that being the place for holding the Circuit Court for said county of Van Buren, sell at public auction for the said county of Van Buren (and sell to the highest bidder the premises described in the mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, and the legal costs of this proceeding and of said sale.

The premises so to be sold are known and described as that certain piece of property situate in the township of Keeler, Van Buren County, Michigan, described as follows, viz: the south half of the southeast quarter of section two, township four south, range sixteen west, Van Buren County Michigan, together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Dated this 7th day of November, A. D. 1895.

CHARLOTTE A. HACKETT, Mortgagee by Assignment.

E. A. & ROBERT B. CRANE, Attorneys for Mortgagee.

211430130

PROBATE ORDER.—State of Michigan, County of Van Buren—ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Van Buren, held at the Probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, on Tuesday, the 19th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Present, Hon. Benjamin F. Heckert, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Michael Lang, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Barbara Lang, as widow of said deceased, praying that a certain instrument in writing now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, be admitted to probate and admitted to probate as such and that execution thereof may be granted to Andrew Lang and Joseph Lang, the executors named in said will.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 16th day of December, 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate be required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate office, in the village of Paw Paw, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of